

## Ring Tournaments

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Summary: A Funny, swear-overloaded piss-take of Halo 2 Multiplayer.1st Chapter only, update as needed in the future.Please Read 'n' Review.

## Ring Tournaments

Let The Tournament Begin!

A Story by Ghost, for Halo 2, inspired by Halo 2 Multiplayer

'Hi folks and welcome to another exciting, and possibly hilarious, Ring Tournament! I'm Bob Stonefire and this is my guest presenterâ€¦ ummm what's your name again?'

'I AM KRUG, THE SCOURGE OF THE UNDERWORLD!'

'Rrrrightâ€¦. Well here come the players!'

In the arena, an immense hatch opened and out strode four armoured figures. They were mostly SPARTAN II's with the odd Elite thrown in. The baying crowd starting whooping their favourite players names. The lead SPARTAN was in white armour with blue highlights. Stencilled onto the side of this figures helmet was the name '\_Ghost'\_\_.

Following close behind was another SPARTAN, this time in crimson with green highlights. This one was hailed as '\_Pistol Bitch'\_\_. Real close behind Pistol Bitch was an Elite. Wearing stylised purple armour with black-ish trim, and in white was the name '\_Cybred'\_\_ written on the side of the helmet. Following slightly behind was a cobalt SPARTAN with a darker blue as a trim, was waving to the crowd. On this one's helmet was the name '\_Kibou'\_\_.

It came down to this. After the Red vs. Blue wars, it was discovered that such tournaments could be profitable. So, a truce was called between the UNSC and the Covenant, and the Ring Tournaments were

officially started. Using specially made arenas and the latest in Grunt Respawners (So that explains the endless supplies of grunts â€" \_Ed\_), the tournaments were hugely successful. Even the Covenant managed to send a few of its warriors to join in.

'Okay, the contenders have reached the map podium. And Ghost, the winner of the last gameâ€|'

'KRUG NOT LIKE THE LAST GAME! NOT ENOUGH BODIES FLYING!'

'â€| Gets to chose the playing field for this game'

Ghost slammed his armoured fist onto the map podium's map randomiser button. On massive screens around the main arena, pictures of known arenas flickered by really fast, but slowly slowing down. Until it stopped on one map. Waterworks.

'Wow Waterworks! This is a huge map, based for team CTF games with vehicles. And the currant vehicle selection isâ€|. Wraiths, Warthogs, Ghosts and Banshees! Ghost is in real trouble on this map!'

'KRUG IS INCLINED TO AGREE. GHOST-MAN IN BIG TROUBLE!'

'Rrrrightâ€|.'

Ghost stood staring at the pictures of the vehicles that would be on the map. His thoughts summed up one word: 'BOLLOCKS!'

Cybred looked at Ghost with an evil glint in his eye.

'I'm soooo going to get you human. Revenge for that sniper bullet' the Elite mocked.

'You ran into the open, I just had a sniper rifle handy' Ghost replied in a cold tone 'Next time though, you'll see me, and then your death shall be quick and painful'

'Will you two bitches shut it? I want to get pistoling you lot!' said Pistol Bitch. Kibou just stood there with a funny look on his faceâ€| under his helmet.

Ghost and Cybred were still arguing when the teleporting system kicked in, and all four of the players were beamed to random positions on Waterworks.

Kibou looked around. The sudden transition from the arena to the playing field wasâ€| unsettling. The motion tracker in the corner of his HUD showed no movement. In his hands was a SMG. He turned and faced the familiar purple shape of a Banshee. A big grin spread across his faceâ€| inside his helmet. He climbed in and powered up the Banshee's engines.

Meanwhileâ€|

Ghost teleported outside Red base. He crouched low and looked around, sweeping his SMG around, following his aim. Paranoid some called it, Ghost just called it being not caught off-guard. Jogging around the front, he came across a warthog and a Ghost, his namesake. The distinctive whine of banshee engines made him duck into the base. The

purple flying machine flew out of the hanger above him. Ghost saw it fly away and turned around, and faced a Battle Rifle.

'Ah, some firepower!' Ghost said, picking it up and checking the sight.

Outside were a couple of vehicles, a Ghost and a Warthog. Ghost ignored both. Popping his head out of the corner of the entrance into Red base, checking both flanks. With no sign of any foes, Ghost put on a burst of speed heading for the big building in the centre of the area, where Ghost knew lay a Sniper Rifle with his name on it.

End  
file.